Deep Pressure

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Deep Pressure

by Necronon

Summary

Another quick Hannigram vignette.

Notes

I'm trash and never update or write anymore, but I did do this between work and exhaustion. I really miss this fandom.

“Will?”

Will, thirty-two minutes early, stands rigidly in the corner of Hannibal’s office suite—the corner away form the lamp and out of the slices of gloomy light escaping the curtains. His jaw is locked, knuckles white. Brow damp.

Hannibal approaches only after switching off the lamp with a soft snap and pressing closed the drapes. In time to blind a flash of lightning, but Will still twitches and grinds his teeth.

“Will.” Low and even. Predictable cadence. Prescribed decibel. *Doctor’s orders*. Will responds favorably to the sibilant buzz of his voice, the soft press of deconstructed commands to his temple. Sit. Wait. Open. Look. Breathe. Will doesn’t remember the times before, but Hannibal does.

But this time is different; Will remains lucid in the brine of his sweat and cortisol. Garden-variety panic. *Almost.*

He’ll have to behave himself.

Hannibal moves in the manner he speaks, circling round to stand in front of Will, broadcasting his intentions. He brings his hands to Will’s drawn shoulders in one sure reach. Solid but loose. Easy to escape. Will doesn’t, so Hannibal gathers him close, curling arms around shoulders, and slowly begins to squeeze until, at last, Will exhales the startled breath Hannibal heard him draw moments before.

Hannibal counts forty-six seconds before he feels it: Will sagging against him as the anxiety circuiting his body fizzles out. And only when Will says, nose buried in Hannibal’s tie, “You’re *crushing me*,” does Hannibal unwind and release him.

“Feeling better?”

Will glances at him reluctantly, almost chiding and prompting a tightness in Hannibal’s jaw—an unrehearsed smile. That could be dangerous.

“Tell me what happened.” Hannibal takes a chair and crosses his legs, thoughtful. Will follows suit, wobbling over and falling without ceremony into his own.

Will is quiet, thinking. Listening, perhaps, to the rain. Or maybe just pleasantly, though briefly, void. Satisfaction creeps along the nape of Hannibal’s neck as the thought occurs to him. As it always does when Will comes to him. Trusts him. Confides. Yields without folding.

“I felt like I was going to shake apart. I couldn’t speak.” Will drums his fingers then sits straight with interest. “What was that?”

“Panic. Or Dissociation. Do you remember coming here?”

“No--I mean, yes, I remember, but not me. You.”

“’Me’?”

“You...hugged me.”

“Not exactly.”

“Maybe. Because if *that’s* how you do it...”

“I assure you my motivation was professional,” Hannibal lies. “Deep pressure therapy.” Will’s eyes drop and his brows furrow. Hannibal commits every crease to memory, to a room.“It stimulates the parasympathetic nervous system. A rudimentary but effective means of intercepting flight or flight responses.”

Will looks dubious, the expression exaggerated by a failed attempt to mask the heat in his cheeks. Hannibal decides more of this could be had, and in short order.

So he asks, “Are you disappointed?”

Will’s face slackens, confused. A blank, unsuspecting canvas.

Then: “That it was not a traditionally affectionate gesture.”

Ah. There it is. A bit of pink edging back into Will’s face. Hannibal quickly schools himself.

“I--” Will softens bodily, and something sinks in Hannibal’s gut. Not guilt, never that, but something akin. “I--don’t know...”

The honesty is infectious. Perhaps he could afford some. A small dalliance.

“The two are not mutually exclusive.”

Will shifts and squeezes his fingers into fists on the arms of his chair.

“Did I overstep?”

Will does not look him in the eye, but he does tuck his head, smile, and say, “Isn’t it a little weird? Physical...*affection*. With your—”

“*Friend,”* Hannibal says, all at once surprised by his own sincerity.

“Friend.” Will laughs softly. “Just don’t…do it at work. I don’t need you encouraging my students to take liberties.”

Hannibal leans forward conspiratorially. “*Our little secret.*”

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